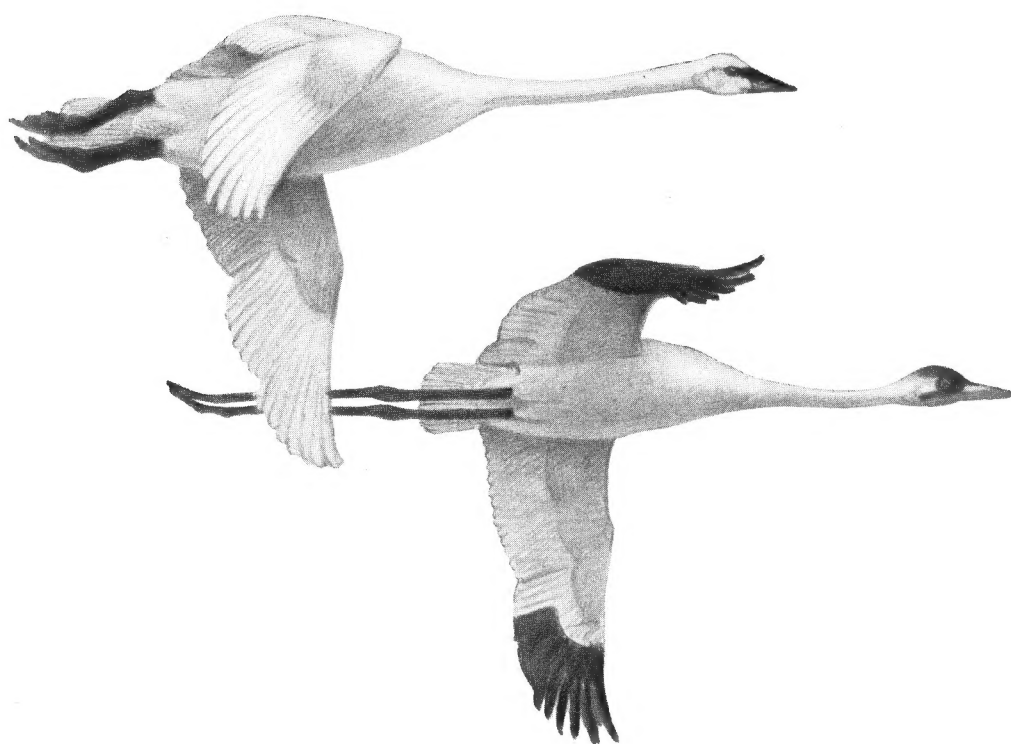


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The NEW TRAIL



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, WINTER, 1952

VOLUME X

NUMBER 4

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The New Trail

A quarterly publication of the University of Alberta
and its Alumni Association

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Associate Editor: Edith Park

Business Manager: J. M. Whidden

Art Editor: H. G. Glyde

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Winter, 1952

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Annual subscription to *The New Trail* is \$2.00. If the subscriber is an alumnus of the University of Alberta, subscription is included in the annual membership dues of the Alumni Association. (See page 172.)

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The Editor's Page

By the time this issue of *The New Trail* reaches its several destinations in Canada and abroad, Alumni Homecoming-Varsity Guest Weekend will probably be a spent thing and one for the books.

But for a moment we would like to speculate about what is likely to have happened and the promise that the Weekend holds.

This year the name Homecoming was a partial misnomer. Actually it was part and parcel of a duo program, Alumni Homecoming and the student sponsored Varsity Guest Weekend. The fusion was a happy one and mutually beneficial. Variety of program was the keynote and a popular festival of events crammed the three days.

A determined effort succeeded in eliminating an important and disastrous feature that clouded Homecomings in the past. Inadequate and badly timed publicity accomplished little and had a direct bearing on the number of graduates that returned to the campus. This year the various fraternity alumni groups, faculty alumni units, the resident executive, and alumni at large were all drawn into the large planning orbit months in advance. Ticket sales to the gala Alumni Ball proved the yardstick of enthusiasm—the alumni office was sold out ten days in advance of the event.

This was not exclusively an Edmonton alumni show. Statistics have proven that the further a graduate is removed from his Alma Mater the more enthusiastic is his interest in the life and developments on the campus. Cognizant of this and attuned to the worth of personal contacts the alumni secretary and other members of the resident executive made trips to Calgary and intermediate points to talk Homecoming. At one stage in developments the graduates of the south were speculating about the possibility of running a special train. It didn't materialize, but then Rome wasn't built in a day.

Last winter 3,000 young and not so young citizens of the province visited the campus during Varsity Guest Weekend. This year it was anticipated that the grand count would run close to 5,000. Faculty displays, 32 in number, were the feature attractions and ranged in subject from viewing the inanimate to spectacular scientific explosions. An overall co-ordinating committee thought of everything even down to providing a creche to take care of the very young.

One of the major justifications for an alumni association's existence is to promote the welfare of its Alma Mater. This responsibility rests squarely with every graduate. Apart from the financial aspect, one of the most creditable ways of discharging this duty would be for every alumnus within hailing distance to make a point of returning for Homecoming, take in the tours, and generally soak up anew the congenial atmosphere of campus life.

The Weekend is the biggest single extra curricular event at the University. Alumni, by their presence alone, lend a tremendous fillip to the occasion and also tangible proof that their Alma Mater was not just a place of learning and then forgotten but an institution of abiding worth and interest.

The Covers

Our front cover portrays a Trumpeter Swan, above, and a Whooping Crane, below. Both are white and have long necks stretched out full length in flight, but while the crane has immense legs trailing behind (as is the case with all other cranes), the swan has short ones. The black primaries (flight feathers) of the "whooper" also differentiate it. Swans have sometimes been identified as white cranes but they are really unmistakable.

Other birds, too, have been recorded as Whooping Cranes. They include the blue Heron (grey in colour) with long legs but a neck folded S-wise; Pelican, white, with folded neck, black primaries and short legs; the much smaller snow goose, white, with black primaries, short legs and straight neck; in the States, the Egret, all white, long legs and neck S-shaped like a Heron.

The back cover illustrates some of the other birds referred to in the article entitled "Peace River Luck" which appears on the opposite page. Reading from left to right, top to bottom, they include the following: swimming, top left, Trumpeter Swan. The large head in the centre is a close-up of the same species. This bird, at one time near extinction, is now fast recovering both in Canada and the United States, the total population being estimated today at over 1,000 individuals.

Next, in the top row, is the white-fronted goose, followed by the Ross' goose and common Wavey or lesser snow goose. These are placed in juxtaposition to show the differences in size. The white-fronted and snow goose are approximately the same: both weigh 6-6½ lbs. whereas the diminutive Ross' weighs only 3½-4 lbs. It is a small replica of the Wavey. While the white-fronted and the Wavey exist in scores of thousands, Ross' goose is numbered merely in hundreds.

Below are illustrated three Alberta cranes, approximately in proportion. Reading again, from left to right, the small bird is the Lesser Sandhill Crane, which passes through Alberta, spring and fall, in tens of thousands. It breeds in Alaska and the Arctic generally. Next to it is the Sandhill, a regular breeder in the Alberta muskegs in small numbers, and approaching the "whooper" in size. Both these are brown. At the extreme right is the aristocrat of the lot, the Whooping Crane, now estimated at a total continental population of possibly 25 birds. As already remarked, its long legs and neck, its large size, its white colour and black primaries, make it entirely distinctive and certainly identifiable. It can, in fact, be mistaken for nothing else if these simple details are known to the observer.

* * * * *

Editor's Note:

We are deeply grateful to Dr. Wm. Rowan, professor of zoology, University of Alberta, for the outstanding front and back covers delineated above.

Our readers will recall that in 1949 this same consummate pencil artist favoured **The New Trail** with a western prairie bird and animal series which met with such widespread acclaim.

Peace River Luck

By WM. ROWAN

FOR someone who arrived in Alberta in 1908 and in Edmonton in 1920 and who has been privileged to see more of the province than most people, to have visited the Peace River country for the first time in 1952 is certainly nothing to boast about. I almost blush to admit it.

To be hounded by bad luck has surely been everybody's misfortune from time to time, but to be dogged by *good* luck—well, that's surely something to write home about. And that is what the Peace River handed us, so, of course, I am writing.

How I have escaped the Peace River country for all these years I can't explain, sitting, as it does, almost on Edmonton's doorstep. For nearly 30 years I have had more invitations to visit the Peace than any other spot on earth. I knew more about it—or thought I did—before going there this spring than any other place I had never visited. I have on file extensive records of animal life in the Peace River country: am familiar with the pick of the duck and goose and chicken hunting areas, thanks to the blishments of friends and the promise of guaranteed spoils: have been offered joy rides by plane, free transportation by train and lifts by car: given private and confidential information on the best cooks in the country (what more could one ask?), but all to no avail. I had never crossed the doorstep.

It is nearly 30 years since I first met the mighty Peace, where it debouches into the Slave River north of Chip. And it was a dramatic and memorable occasion. We passed this spot at night going north and saw nothing of it, and when we came out, late in September on the last boat, it was again night. But this time Captain Con Myers of the Hudson's Bay Company's shop, the *Athabasca River*, had been brewing some of his notorious coffee, guaranteed to disrupt the sleep of a dinosaur, and had warned me to remain on the bridge if I wanted to witness an interesting "episode". I did. We had chugged past the mouth of the Peace at about 1 a.m., when the paddles eased up until we were merely stemming the stream and making no further progress. Gradually we sidled in towards the west bank, when a powerful spotlight suddenly penetrated the darkness in search of a suitable landing spot. None of it looked likely to me, as impenetrable a jungle as I had ever seen, but we nevertheless put overboard a slim Peterborough canoe loaded to the gunwales with equipment, and a solitary occupant. With a few powerful strokes the canoe effected a landing and a trapper, unlikely to see another human face till picked up again the following summer, stepped out, waved us a stout farewell, and was lost in the bush. A blast of the siren and the paddles again came to life, the ship moved back to midstream, the searchlight went out as dramatically as it had come on, and we were on our way back to civilization.

But I couldn't sleep. It may have been the skipper's execrable coffee, but I doubt it for my own is not much better: I was sufficiently inured. But at heart I was envious of the trapper whom we had left on the Peace, with its magic name

of human enchantment, the Utopian dream of all men. What's in a name? Everything! For 23 years I entertained visions of exploring the mighty Peace for myself. Not till 1952 did they materialize.

* * * * *

On Sunday, May 11, 1952, with Bill Round, expert movie photographer of the Provincial department of Economic Affairs, it was my good fortune to finally leave for the Peace River country in the hope of adding a film of Alberta wildlife on which we have been collaborating since 1950. Our immediate concern was the trumpeter swan, one of the world's rarest birds but, unlike some others, undoubtedly on the highroad to recovery. Naturally, we were also on the prowl for anything else that might turn up.

Our start was not propitious: on top of the heavy snow of the previous winter and persistent spring rains, the roads were appalling. Between Westlock and High Prairie at the west end of Lesser Slave Lake we passed numerous vehicles, including ponderous oil tankers, buried to the axles in the centre of the highway. Along the south shore of the lake we passed through one thunder shower after another, but then the first miracle occurred: not another drop of rain did we encounter until the return trip. The weather Gods had evidently decided to bless us. Unless you are a color photographer yourself, you cannot appreciate the importance of sunshine. It is vital.

I thought I knew rather a lot about the Peace River area, despite the fact I had never been there before, but of the most important thing about it I was completely oblivious: I had no idea it was so incomparably lovely. I admit that atmospherics were entirely in our favour and, where colour photography is concerned they, too, are of primary importance. The roads were bone dry and the dust terrific, but dust creates colour. Those vast vistas, one after another as we cruised the block, provided a veritable artist's dream. True, one reaches higher levels in the mountains but every long view is blocked by more mountains. The vast distances of the Peace River provided endless enchantment. Even elevators became intriguing. Dropping down into Grande Prairie, for instance, into the sun, half buried in clouds and shrouded in a haze of dust, its elevators might have been imaginative creations of the Gods instead of what they really were—man-made atrocities.

The Peace River country does not belie its name: we found it the very epitome of peace. Its placid lakes, liberally bespeckled with ducks and other waterfowl, lying frequently on extensive plains, reflected the fertility of the land with its sleek cattle, rank stubble, rich bird life and general atmosphere of prosperity. A charmed world!

We arrived late at Beaverlodge, but discovered from advertisements bespattering the walls of the buildings, that the University Mixed Chorus was performing at McLennan that night. This was too much of a temptation. Up we went, another 30 miles. The performance was excellent, the *toute ensemble* as attractive as in Convocation Hall, the crowd capacity, the reception enthusiastic. The people of the Peace River evidently have the best of taste!

Having returned to Beaverlodge early on Monday morning, we proceeded from there to Wembley to find Barney Hamm, Dominion swan-herd of the Peace River country and proselyte extraordinary, who was spending a few days with us to show us the ropes, the swans, and the country. Law can be enforced the intelligent way or the unintelligent; by persuasion or compulsion. Barney has done it by the former route, and the general impression we received on visiting various farms with trumpeters on the premises was that if we hadn't looked strictly ingenuous, we might have had a shooting iron shoved into our ribs. Individual custodianship, thanks to Barney's persuasive efforts, was evidently undertaken in deadly earnest! There is no doubt the swans are safe.

Barney lives about 10 miles from Wembley. On this last lap, on turning the final corner, we noticed a small lake about a mile in the opposite direction and thought it would be more fun to find our own birds than to be shown them on a conducted Cook's tour. The lake (as we later discovered) was Cutbank Lake, a picturesque spot with a farm at the far end, its buildings trickling down in haphazard fashion almost to the water's edge. Swimming some 50 yards out, and, combined with their reflections, looking as large as houses, were two enormous white birds. Field glasses revealed them to be trumpeters. They paid no attention to horses, cattle and pigs also straggling down the hillside. Bill is 6 foot 4 inches in socks, a startling addition to the four-legged stock, but he was willing to follow the general pattern and get on all fours himself and—finally flat out. A convenient rock, at once a hide for Bill and a stand for his camera, lay within fifty yards of the water's edge and here the first footage was obtained with a 6-inch lens in brilliant lighting. And here occurred the next miracle. So far from being suspicious of this new adjunct to the fauna, or resenting the purring of the camera, the swans became almost embarrassingly inquisitive. Presently the lens had to be changed to one of shorter focus while finally the birds actually *walked* in to give us standing shots. Bill had already obtained intimate little scenes of mated affection, tipping, feeding, preening and the rest.

Subsequently Barney took us to many other lakes and we saw altogether some 25 additional pairs of swans. Naturally we wanted birds at the nest but, apparently on account of the high water levels, they were very late in getting down to business and we found only one sitting pair. These were on a suitable spot and had the water been at normal level we could doubtless have erected a blind and obtained all the pictures we wanted. This was our only disappointment on the trip, but even so we hoped to get at least pictures of the nest and eggs which were comparatively close to shore. Bill was fortunately as willing to wade as he had been to crawl, so out we went, cameras and all, mine worth about \$150, Bill's—government property—some \$1,500. But the water soon got deep, the bottom stickier. By the time I was up to the armpits, Bill was merely to his middle, but we were still 50 yards from the nest, a screen of reeds between us. A single step into a hole at this stage, and damage or loss might have been irreparable. Discretion seemed the better part of valour and we beat a dripping retreat, to dry out eventually in the wind and sun in the process of hunting more swans.

The most incredible miracle befell us, however, on La Glace Lake. Here, from a skirting road, we noticed a thin streak of white on the shoreline but in the heat shimmer, even with binoculars, we were able to determine nothing except that whatever birds they might be, they could not be swans. As we looked, a solitary goose's neck stuck up for a moment, immediately to disappear again but—*it wasn't white*. Barney suggested gulls: Bill hid his ignorance behind a mask of stoic profundity in total silence—after all, he's *only* a photographer. Perhaps characteristically, and like the goose, I stuck out my professorial neck. Trying to look as profound as Bill, only more articulate, I pointed out that the only aquatic white bird that fitted this late date was the extremely rare and diminutive Ross' snow goose, and from the length of the row, there might be 50 of them. Barney was politely skeptical.

"Never," quoth he, speaking with the voice of local authority, "has *one* Ross' goose been recorded from the Peace River country, let alone 50!"

He no doubt thought more, but tactfully refrained from saying it. But I was insistent, and down we went. Most conveniently we found excellent cover at just the right spot. True, it was under water, and crawling through muck on all fours could have been improved upon, but there was no alternative. Bill had already been broken in to the art of making himself uncomfortable and, I must add, considering his bulk, took orders from so small a person as myself, with unbelievable docility. Yet he reaped his due reward for he appears to be the first photographer in history ever to have recorded Ross' geese on a movie. Moreover he got them at close range. Even more important, he obtained the crucial evidence in the matter of size that alone could convince the skeptic that these *were* in fact Ross' geese. This species is no more than a small edition of the common Wavey (see cover) which passes through the province in thousands and exists in hundreds of thousands, while the Ross' goose is believed to be reduced to some hundreds all told. Earlier we had obtained wonderful footage of many thousands of Waveys at Beaverhills Lake. We could easily have palmed some of these off as the rare little Ross for the birds were in the sky where size cannot be judged. Probably nobody would have believed us but they could certainly not have disproved us. Yet now, as we crawled through the last of the cover, we were actually within killing range of 48 Ross' geese and, slap in the centre of the lot, a mere stray, was the goose that had stuck out its neck, a white-fronted. If ever unbelievable luck was ours it was at this moment, for the white-fronted is the same size as the common Wavey. Here was the yardstick that consummated this incredible deal for the white-fronted dwarfed our Ross' geese, simultaneously establishing their diminutive size and certifying their identity. So went our Peace River Luck.

I could cite half a dozen further examples, but the recital would be tedious. The trip can be summarized in a few words—good luck pursued us: we just couldn't escape it. In a single week we procured material that could easily have taken years of painstaking effort.

Little did I guess in May that I would be back again in August, but on the 16th, a Saturday, I received a letter from Bill Odynsky, director of the Alberta

Research Council's Peace River soil survey, then stationed near Sturgeon Lake, to say that an Indian guide conducting two of his staff through some of the unexplored wilderness within 70 miles of camp, had identified two enormous birds "jumped" at close range on the edge of a muskeg, as white cranes. The soil survey personnel had seen them also, but at even closer range. The descriptions left little doubt: the birds were probably whooping cranes, the rarest species (with one possible exception, the ivory-billed woodpecker of Florida) now surviving on this continent. It is estimated on good authority that only some 25 of this species yet remain alive. Not so long ago, like the trumpeter swan and Ross' goose, they had existed in innumerable thousands. Within a couple of hours I had arranged with Mr. E. S. Heustis, provincial game commissioner, under whose auspices the trip was undertaken, to investigate the story. On Sunday, together with Messrs. Al Oeming, U. of A. graduate in zoology, fight promoter and enthusiastic naturalist, and his friend Walt Bunkal, both trained wrestlers and the best equipment in the world for mudholes, we were on the road. On Tuesday we were on the site of the supposed "whoopers", but we drew a blank—no birds to be seen or heard. Had our Peace River Luck deserted us? I thought so, till the alert eyes of Oeming noticed fresh tracks on the sand of a newly bulldozed oil company road. Cranes they were beyond doubt, and the largest I had ever seen: they measured up to the whooping crane.

Photos, sketches and measurements were all we got for our trouble, but it was probably enough. The birds when first seen were already on the wing, two large and two small. The tracks we found, not 24 hours old, included two large and two smaller. Were they really adults and young? Had this extreme rarity actually bred successfully in the hinterland of the Peace River country? Well, we can't bet on it, but it looks mighty like it. Thanks to the courtesy of the Pacific Petroleum Limited, an aerial survey of the district was made within a week, but no cranes of any sort were seen. Since the birds had already been on the wing ten days earlier, that could mean precisely nothing, and it looks remarkably as though the mighty Peace had put us in touch, in a single summer, with three of the outstanding avian rarities of this continent.

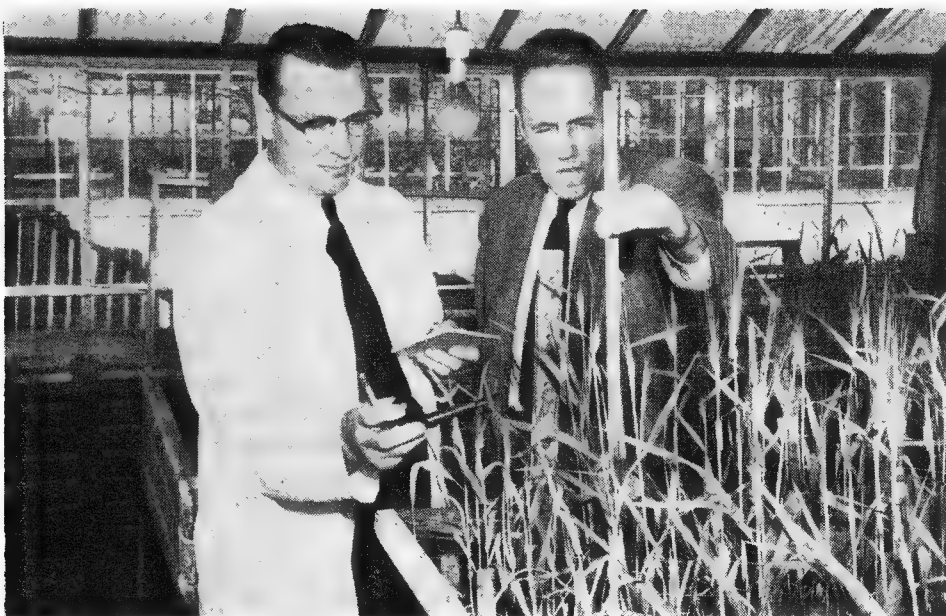
Little wonder that I have fallen in love with the picturesque, the friendly, and the peaceable Peace.



The University's Denominational Colleges

Two affiliated denominational colleges, St. Stephen's (United Church of Canada), and St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic), erected buildings on University of Alberta sites in 1910 and 1927 respectively.

For information re Alumni Association dues see page 172.



Ultrasonics In Agriculture

BY EDITH PARK

Associate Editor, *The New Trail*

LAST summer's record number of frost-free days was a rarity which only served to point up the pitiful shortness of our prairie summer. Science so far has not been able to offer much hope of influencing climatic conditions but recent research at the University of Alberta indicates at least a possibility of shortening the growing season of certain plants.

George Obolenski, a graduate student in the department of plant science, has applied ultrasonic waves to the problem of stimulating plant growth. In experiments with barley, carried on with the assistance of Dr. L. P. V. Johnson, professor of genetics and plant breeding, he has demonstrated that treatment with ultrasonic waves appreciably shortens the time required from germination to maturity. Ultrasonic waves, briefly, sound waves whose frequency exceeds 16,000 cycles per second, the highest frequency which can be detected by the human ear have engaged the attention of many scientists in recent years for such diverse purposes as de-sooting chimneys and sterilizing milk. Their application to plant growth is, however, a new field.

Left to right, above, Dr. L. P. V. Johnson pointing out growth of barley from untreated seed, and George Obolenski indicating the height over same growing period from ultrasonically treated plants.

For the purpose of his research, Mr. Obolenski used an ultrasonic generator capable of producing sound waves of 800,000 cycles per second. The machine was loaned by an Edmonton naturopathic surgeon, Dr. O. Kapitz, who used it in his practice for purposes of "deep massage". The seeds were first soaked in order to germinate them and also so that they would conduct sound waves more readily. They were then placed in a vessel of water and subjected to treatment for varying periods of 10, 15 or 20 minutes. They were planted in rows carefully marked as to length of treatment, time of soaking, and so forth. At the same time untreated seeds were planted as a control. As may be seen from the picture accompanying this article the treated rows not only germinated sooner but reached a greater height and earlier maturity. Mr. Obolenski states the treated seeds which were sown this summer at the Bow River ranch in southern Alberta headed out within 62 days of planting.

Sunflower seeds treated in similar fashion reached a height of fourteen feet or greater, four feet higher than their usual growth. Mr. Obolenski thinks there may be possibilities here for the paper and textile industry.

Ultrasonic treatment of seed may have other possibilities besides shortening the growing season. Seed infected with loose smut has been subjected to the ultrasonic waves with remarkable results. This type of smut is not seed borne but affects the florets and hence is more difficult to cure. For the purpose of experiment, barley seeds were inoculated with the mycelium which causes loose smut and some of them were then subjected to treatment by supersonic sound waves. It was found that where seeds were pre-soaked but not treated, plants either died or failed to germinate; where seeds were both pre-soaked and treated, they were restored to normal emergence.

Just what changes actually occur in the seeds is not yet established. In some cases there is evidence that mutations or hereditary changes occur and some albino plants have been produced. Mr. Obolenski believes that there is a certain rate and time of treatment which would produce the best results for a given plant.

So far of course the experiment does not lend itself to large scale treatment of field crops—it merely points the way for further investigation along this line. However even if it should prove feasible only for small gardens, it would make all the difference between green tomato pickle and chili sauce for many backyard farmers, and may prove practical for market gardens and row crops. And of course there is always the hope that technical advances may make large scale use of the method economically feasible in the future.

George Obolenski is a member of the Russian aristocracy who left his native country in 1920. For a time he managed large estates in Yugoslavia and was in charge of soya bean plantations in the Balkans. He holds a Bachelor of Science degree from Zagreb and a Master of Science degree from the University of Vienna. He obtained his M.Sc. from Alberta under the direction of Dr. John Unrau. His mother and sister are well-known residents of Calgary.





To An Eskimo Grandmother

By E. O. HOHN

(Susie Toomao, Kilanuk. Canadian Western Arctic, July, 1949.)

*Sitting on the shingle by the tents
we look out over the sea,
shining smooth and bright in the fresh light of morning;
out to where, at the meeting of green blue water and purest pellucid sky,
a white speck marks your old man's whale boat.
You're smoking and rolling your cigarettes, and I puff at my pipe.
We're waiting (but there's no hurry) for the old one, sometime, to get back,
with, a small white whale for the two of you, let's hope.*

*Your wrinkled face, is sun and wind tanned, and your teeth are old and worn.
And your eyes have lost the snowy white of youth,
and yet the core of them, deep brown, has that tender, inward softness
that I see in the eyes of all your people.
At times as you glance at me in chatting, before you turn your eyes back to the sea,
a twinkle brightens up your eyes and lifts the angles of your mouth,
perhaps you're laughing at me, a little.
You can be crafty, I can see that, you're no fool.
But your mouth is a good mouth and it's lines at rest, as you talk or smile,
tell of a life, that on the whole, was good.*

*Does it matter that you've never heard of hygiene,
or the root of the word from an old language of a people of my kind,
nor of vitamins and food values;
since I can sleep in your tent and be rested and eat your food and thrive?
And if I stayed here, with your people, could I not trust you all?
Would you not help me in my needs?
Because there's one policeman eighty miles away perhaps?
Maybe; but once you knew and felt that you could trust me,
I'd rest my faith in you, upon your faith in me.*

*My people label things and matters,
till labels seem realities worth fighting for.
Your people were in the "stone age" when mine came among them,
they say you're "primitive" and I, they say am "civilized"
and even "educated" sort of.
Yet we are of one blood,
you an old woman and I, a young man
and one day, any day,
when God, in wisdom far above our ken,
loosens on us the power of His fates,
we'll perish; in a breath, like the ptarmigan clawed out of sky and life, by the
falcon,
or in slow agony, like starving dogs;
and this we both know, you and I; has been and is and shall be so.*

* * * *

Editor's Note:

There's an interesting bit of down-to-earth background associated with *To An Eskimo Grandmother*. Susie Toomao, the subject in photo, had been X-rayed and as there was some doubt about the "plate" it was necessary for Dr. Hohn to visit her at a small whaling station near Kilanuk. Through her son as interpreter Susie was requested to come to hospital for examination. There was just one hitch—her husband was out in search of white whales and there could be no decision until his return. So the Doctor sat down to wait and the two of them exchanged generalities. Susie eventually did go to hospital but was not detained and returned to her people.

Dr. E. O. Hohn, who has poetically recorded his impressions of Susie Toomao, is a staff member of the Physiology department of the University of Alberta, and spent three months at Aklavik in 1951 as temporary health officer.

These Private Schools

BY R. L. GORDON

Teachers, like Arts students, are constantly called upon to explain themselves. "Why", they are asked, "with so many worthwhile occupations to choose from, have you chosen to teach *school*?" The word *school* is emphasized in order to distinguish this type of teaching from the more elevated University teaching which is glorified with the word "lecturing". When one chooses not only to teach school but to teach in a private school the explanations become even more involved. "Why", people ask again, "if you must teach school can't you teach in a proper democratic public or high school?" Such a question is fair enough. It is generally based, however, on a mine of misinformation about this type of school—misinformation or lack of information for which the private schools themselves are largely responsible.

I have recently been appointed Headmaster of a boys' private school near Winnipeg and have had to sort out in my own mind and to put into practice the various ideas which I have long held about this type of school. This article is an attempt to explain some of these ideas and show how they work out in day to day life.

First of all, let me repeat something I have already said several times and in several places and which is fundamental. Parents who choose to send their sons to this school must pay the regular school taxes and, in addition, fairly heavy fees. They are therefore entitled to ask: "What does your school offer my boy for the fees you charge that he won't get 'free' at a public or high school?" This is a good question and a private school which cannot provide an adequate answer to it is not justifying its existence. There was a time when private schools could point with pride to their luxurious equipment and their elaborate facilities which far surpassed those offered by any high school. With the greatly improved school buildings which have come into being in the last few years, this difference between the two kinds of schools is, fortunately, counting for less and less.

There are many weaknesses in any of the provincial school systems as there are weaknesses in the private schools, but a private school cannot justify itself on the purely negative fact that it does not belong to the provincial system. It must and, at its best, does stand for more positive standards. In discussing what these standards are I shall be obliged to refer to St. John's-Ravenscourt not because it is my school but because it is the school I know best, the school for whose success I find myself in some measure responsible.

Richard L. (Dick) Gordon is one of the University's outstanding sons, having graduated with high honours in Arts in 1947 and been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship in the same year. He is the son of Professor R. K. Gordon, former head of the department of English.

Following a period of study at Oxford University, England, and prior to his appointment as Headmaster of St. John's-Ravenscourt Boys School, Winnipeg, the young Mr Gordon was a Master at Upper Canada College, Toronto.

As we understand it, the private or independent school had its origin in England and it is perhaps an odd fact that a Labour Government in that country, believing so firmly in state control, was so eager to help such schools by direct grants and scholarships, while under the so-called free enterprise system of this country the private schools are frequently regarded with the gravest suspicion. A private school in Western Canada is, of course, and should be, a very different place from its forbears in Great Britain. It is and must be distinctively Western Canadian.

Here then is our school. What is it like? Structurally it differs little from many public or high schools. It is fortunate in having some twenty-five acres of land (some private schools have several hundred acres), a large gym and various other useful facilities, but the main difference as far as the buildings themselves go is that a good many of the students live as well as study in them. It is in this residential aspect of the school that we may find its first reason for being. Many of the boys who live in the school come from communities which provide either no opportunities at all for schooling or very inadequate ones—boys from tiny farming settlements in Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba, boys from northern fur trading outposts, boys from mining camps in Northern Ontario. The reasons for boys such as these coming to the school are fairly obvious, but there are many boys too from other cities and communities which are very far from being outposts. Why do they come? Here one finds a great variety of reasons—almost as many reasons as there are boys. The reasons suggested here are not necessarily in order of importance. Parents may feel that the disciplined community life with its regular hours of work and games is more easily achieved in a school than at home; they may think that the fact of their son being away from home and having to make his own way on his own merits may be worth while: they may believe that he will learn something from living and working with boys from many different places—(as an illustration of this I might point out that even a small school such as ours has boys from some twenty different places including, besides Edmonton, Calgary and Regina, such places as Fort Churchill, The Pas and even Chicago and Toronto). There are many reasons then, initially, why parents may send their sons to boarding school. The above may be good reasons but they are not the best.

All the boys in this school are not boarders. Nearly half the boys journey out from Winnipeg each day and return each evening. The same applies to many other private schools. A private school is more than a school where boys may live as well as work. How much more will depend on the individual school and here I can only tell you what we are trying to do in Winnipeg.

The first and most important aim of our training must be to set for the boys high academic and athletic standards and help them to attain them. Academically we are in the fortunate position of having small classes (10 to 15) and complete freedom as far as staff appointments are concerned. We are not bound to appoint only those with the recognized teachers' training of Manitoba and are, therefore, able to range far and wide not only for well qualified men, but for interesting men. On our small staff we have men who came to us from England and the Middle East; from Switzerland, from Winnipeg and Austria; from England and South America,

etc.—men with a broad experience in other countries than Canada and other jobs than teaching. We would never hesitate to appoint a man with provincial teachers' training if he had the necessary extra qualifications. His training might and probably would make him a more useful person, but we do not consider such training essential any more than a wise university demands a Ph.D. for each member of its staff. Our students write the regular matriculation or university entrance exams; our teachers are regularly inspected by the provincial inspectors. Our matriculation marks obviously must be, and in fact always are, well ahead of the provincial average. The boys have longer holidays than public or high school youngsters. They also spend an hour a day longer in class and, depending on their grade, have an hour to two hours supervised study at night.

Every physically fit boy plays games every day and even the "duffer" finds himself on some team. The coaching is done by members of the staff and some athletic ability is considered an important qualification for the job of teaching in a private school. The part which sports must play in the school is so obvious as to require little discussion here.

It is not easy to write about a school and a system one believes in without adopting the jargon of a professional brochure writer. I risk this pitfall in speaking about one more attribute of a private school. There is in a good private school a much closer camaraderie between teacher and taught than is, I think, possible in any other type of school. Boys and masters living and working together, free and independent of any system, believing that a school like a ship, a regiment or a squadron, can have a soul are likely to build something good and something lasting, and something that neither speak of but that both respect and remember. We call it spirit; we call it tradition; we laugh at it; but it exists and endures. Our school, which started life as the Red River Academy, was founded in 1820 and is the second oldest school in Canada. The boys don't take that too seriously, but they don't like other people to laugh at it.

There are many other things we might say about private schools—about ours in particular. Some people think we are a "snob factory". I don't think we are. I don't quite know who or what makes a snob but I don't think we do. If money is the cause of snobbery we are certainly safe. By no stretch of the imagination could one describe the boys here as "rich men's sons". If we have a good cross-section geographically we have an even better one economically. We would, of course, like to have more and more scholarships available for boys whose fathers cannot afford the fees. That is, of course, the wish of every private school. This school like every other private school loses money each year, and unlike some we have not a long list of wealthy benefactors behind us. Like Great Britain, we would like to narrow our "dollar gap" but we're not desperately worried. We've been going for 130 years now and I think we'll survive for a while yet. We'll survive if we really try to do a good job; if we continue to make life not too easy for the boys and work and games interesting; we'll survive if enough people believe in us and want us to survive.



Forty Years On The Campus

BY REGINALD C. LISTER

I WAS born on December 31st, 1891, at Hingham, a small village near Norwich, Norfolk, in England. There were nine children in the family, and in later years three of my four brothers and three of my four sisters came out to Canada. Father had a general store in town, and all of us were continually helping with something or other. My sister Mabel, the eldest girl, came out first, in 1908, after I had left school. I wrote and told her I would like to come over, although I already had a job in England, working in a grammar school at Hingham.

In 1909 I married in Canada and found work on a farm at Heather Brae, just south of Camrose. My sister was teaching near there, at the Darsbury School by Dried Meat Lake. I stayed on the farm for a year and later got a job in Ohaton for awhile. I took a trip or two to Edmonton, but never stayed.

"Reg" Lister is a part of our University's warp and woof. Every graduate whether they resided in or out of Athabasca, Assiniboia, or Pembina, is familiar with this rotund and genial gentleman, the superintendent of residences, who stoutly maintains that "the students today are a younger bunch and don't work as hard as the boys did in past years." "Reg" was a happy choice for our second in a series of campus personalities. When it came time to prepare **40 Years On the Campus**, your editor sat and listened and took notes for an hour, then decided that the best person to write this biography in miniature would be "Reg" himself.

In recognition of long, loyal, and outstanding service to the University, "Reg" was made an Honorary member of Convocation and an Honorary Life Member of the Alumni Association in the spring of 1949.

On Coronation Day, 1911, while watching the parade in Edmonton, I saw two boys that I knew in England, who told me they were working on the U. of A. campus, and suggested that I come along with them. I did, and got a job with the contractor who was building houses Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 for Dr. H. M. Tory, Mr. M. Edwards, Dr. W. Kerr, and Dr. Lehmann. I worked for the contractor for a month at twenty-five cents per hour, and then got a job at thirty cents an hour with the U. of A., where I did every kind of job there was to do, in the buildings or on the grounds.

Dr. Tory used to drive around every day with his team of chestnuts, tie them up almost any place in the bush, and then inspect the work that was going on.

Athabasca Hall at this time had just been completed. There were still carpenters and plumbers inside doing the finishing work. The building stood by itself, surrounded by bush. There were no roads, and only a few wagon trails through the sloughs. Where the Arts Building now stands were an abandoned basement, excavated in 1908, and two old shacks. The basement was blown up in 1914 and a new one put in for the present Arts Building.

There were no students on the campus until September, 1911. I helped move equipment from the Collegiate Institute, which is now Strathcona High School, into Athabasca Hall, where I lit the first fire in the kitchen. The freshmen in 1911 were shot down a chute, well greased with soft soap, from the first floor to a horse trough filled with cold water. There were no sidewalks or lawns around the building, which housed the whole University of Alberta, labs, offices, class rooms, dining hall and residence. In the north end of the building was the Provincial Lab, headed by Dr. Revell. I worked for Dr. Revell in 1912 and 1913.

In 1911, Athabasca Hall had accommodation for 35 men and 7 women, plus the Provost, the women's dean, Mrs. Sheldon, and the male members of the faculty. The lounge served as the dining hall; and the dietician's suite the kitchen, with rooms above for the maids.

The fall of 1911 saw the construction of the Gas House, which now holds the Horticulture Dept. Since this was before the days of natural gas, the gas had to be made from coal oil, and was used in all the labs and for cooking in the kitchens until 1924. Mansfield & Sons of Liverpool, England, installed the equipment.

The basement of Assiniboia Hall was excavated in the fall, too, by about one hundred men with shovels, and a few horses and wagons. There were no bulldozers to help out. In order to get the foundation in before Christmas, the cement had to be heated. This was done by piling the gravel over steel culverts and then burning all the bush around to heat it. By March the stonemasons were at work, cutting the stone for the building by hand. Assiniboia Hall was finished by October, some of its first occupants being Dr. Sonet, Mr. Bowers, the Librarian, Dr. Fairley, Dr. Lewis, and Dr. Sheldon. Dr. Tory's office was on the left-hand side of the front hall, and Mr. C. E. Race, the Registrar, had his on the right. In the basement were the bookstore and the extension department as well as the Post Office and the Printing Department, headed by a Mr. Peters, in the north-west corner. The Library and stack rooms were in the north end, too, along with

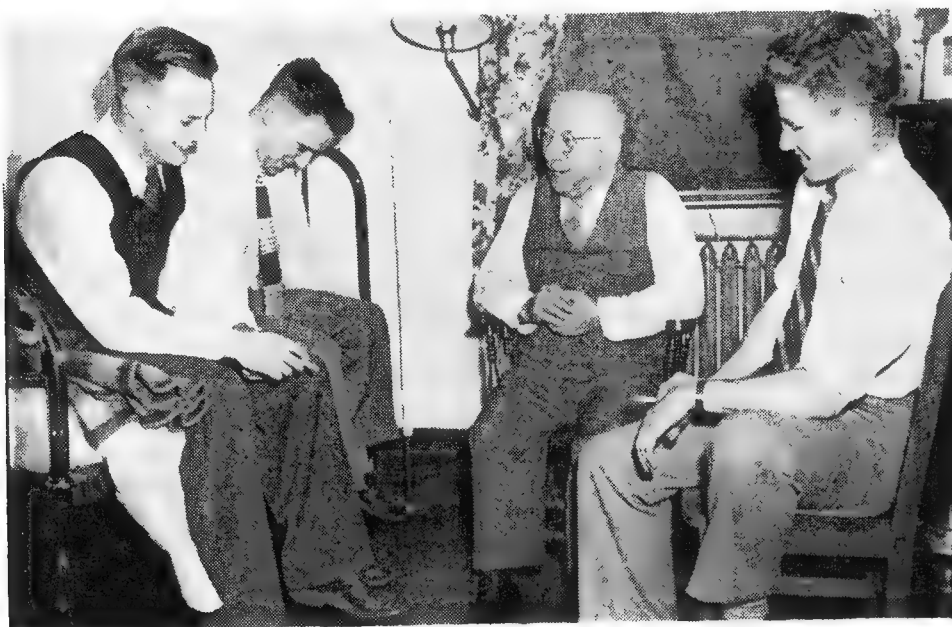
student and staff rooms. In the south end were labs and class rooms, and in the centre, suites and offices.

I took a trip back to the old country in November, 1912, so that I could spend my twenty-first birthday at home. I arrived back in Canada at the end of March, and started work on the dining room and gymnasium in Athabasca Hall, which were finished and opened in the fall. All the oak in the ceiling of the dining room was made in the University carpenter shop, which stood just behind the Hall. Every Sunday the intercollegiate Y.M.C.A. held a church service in the gymnasium. I had to carry all the chairs from the dining hall, build a platform, and still be ready before 11 a.m. Dr. Tory used to read the lessons, and Dr. Sheldon was the church warden.

When the basement of Pembina Hall was excavated, in 1913, thousands of loads of sand were taken out, as well as the two big rocks that sit outside Athabasca Hall. The front campus wasn't levelled until 1914, so that the site of Pembina was on much higher ground than Athabasca. The building was completed in 1914, nurses occupying the south end, and the Medical school the north end.

The Agriculture department's first barn was built in 1913, on the location where my residence stands today, but was torn down in 1930. The livestock at this time consisted of five dairy cows and four horses. The first dairyman was Mr. Walter Moser, who came out from Switzerland, and later married Matt Halton's sister. Mr. Thompson was the first farm manager and lived in the Gas House, now the Horticulture department.

In these early days, Athabasca Hall served many purposes. The first convo-



"Reg" and the boys enjoying a tall tale in Athabasca 211. Left to right: Richard Wray, Turner Valley; Glen Edwards, Calgary; "Reg"; Lawrence Fish, Calgary

cation held on this campus took place in May, 1914, in the dining hall. In the gymnasium, the Dramatic society used to hold its plays, one of which was *The Rivals*. The boxing matches were very popular, and were often refereed by Dr. Broadus, who on one occasion slipped and broke his arm.

From the beginning of the University of Alberta until 1920, all students as well the professors wore gowns to their lectures.

In 1914-15 there were few students in the residences. Some of the first boys to enlist joined the P.P.C.L.I. with Mr. S. Fife, who was killed overseas. The C.O.T.C. made a real hit on the campus. Everybody was out with their wooden rifles marching up and down in front of Athabasca Hall. Even Dr. Tory used to go on parade.

I left for overseas with a bunch of students in the 11th Field Ambulance, No. 530700, and returned in September, 1919, which was one of the best years at the University. On November 11, 1919, a group of the boys hauled a cannon from somewhere over town, placed it on the campus, loaded it with gunpowder, rammed it down with lots of wet newspaper and then fired it, not only once but several times. It scared everybody out of their wits and shook every window in the place. At one of the dances held for the boys, the dining room in Athabasca Hall was turned into a dug-out, with sandbags, candles and lookouts. As I happened to know most of the returned boys, we all had some good times together and told many an entertaining tale.

Most of the returned men back from World War I were older than the boys from World War II, but had lots of spirit and were very good sports. Five of them got the idea one night to move the piano from the lounge nearer to Pembina so that the girls could hear their singing. This prank cost them fifteen dollars apiece, but being such regular fellows, they paid willingly. One of the boys told me that for the one year, he paid seventy-five dollars for personal damages. Today he is one of Alberta's prominent citizens. I could tell more about the good old days but I had best not write it here. Some day I would like to write about the experiences I've had during my forty years on the campus.

Everything went well in the residences until June, 1941. In the middle of Farm Young Peoples' Week in walked the R.C.A.F. to take over. What a turmoil! The whole staff nearly went crazy. All beds were taken out, blinds removed, doors taken from the rooms, and furniture was hauled here and there and everywhere. The dining room was turned into a "mess". But the airmen were a good bunch of fine fellows who did very little damage to the buildings, and although we had three wet canteens, it was two years before I saw an intoxicated airman. The boys were very surprised to see me still here when they came back in 1945, the year when the buildings were turned back in the U. of A. Pembina and Athabasca were packed full for summer school, but Assiniboia, which was under repair, was unavailable. Since there was no dining hall ready, everybody ate in the cafeteria, which was built in 1943.

September saw the arrival of a large group of students, and in January, 1946, we had the greatest crowd ever in residence. I took a gang of men over to the American Air Base to equip the huts with double-tier beds, tables, chairs and

other furnishings for the January class. But we had put double-tier beds in the residences to take care of the boys until the Air Base was ready, and once they were settled, not one consented to leave. So they stayed with us until August, 1946. The overflow was fed in Athabasca Gym, and all went well.

The students today are a younger bunch and don't work as hard as the boys did in past years. But students are still students and don't change very much. Perhaps it's me, because I don't get to know them as I did years ago, when I could have named everyone in residence and where they came from. But I truly have enjoyed every minute that I have spent with the boys over the years.



IN A MODERN GALLERY

Upon this wall are restless men, who, bold
Or timorous, by some obscure impulse
Project and alter forms within the old
Obsessive images and tribal cults;
Or else, in pigment, someone here assumes
A deviation from the golden laws,
Pursues his private symbols or exhumes
Some antique mask, whose plastic flow and flaws
Of native craft he diligently draws,
Devoid of understanding. Some betray
A primal urgency, with feral claws
To rake the paler ecstasies and flay
Man's meat and mental substance on the rack
Of sterile pigmentation, for the claue.

And here are men adventuring: a gong
Has rung a cycle's end; a vision's gone,
To be replaced with canons that belong
To current strains and appetites, anon
Succumbing to a surfeit or the wan
Eclectic of decay. The mere repeat
Or slow extension of the rules upon
Tradition can not bind the spirit fleet,
Responding to the forces and the heat
Of life. Their lustre comes from hazard prized,
The glow of forge, from alien blows that beat
On concepts new; from tensions realized
In graphic symbols, where pursuit of form
Sustains the frenzy of creation's storm.

J. McL. NICOLL.

Books of Our Own

The Land of Twelve-Foot Davis, by James G. MacGregor ('26, '29), Applied Arts Products, Edmonton. Review reprinted from Calgary Herald.

One way of enjoying the Peace River country without ever going near it is to see it through the eyes of James G. MacGregor.

Mr. MacGregor, chairman of the Alberta Power Commission, is described as a chap who knows every acre of Alberta and loves it as few people do. But when he gets around to writing about the Peace River country, that last great frontier, it is a wide open courtship. And if all the world loves a lover, then a lot of people are going to love the romance Mr. MacGregor recounts in his "Land of Twelve-Foot Davis".

In his new book, MacGregor follows the spirit of his "Blankets and Beads" which filled a need for an interesting and authentic story of the West's early days. There is something else that is interesting about the new book, too. It is not only a book about Alberta, or at least one section of it, but it comes to the book stalls from an Alberta publisher.

Printed with great readability and well illustrated, it is in both hard cover and paper back by Applied Art Products of Edmonton.

Jim MacGregor must be a man of great patience. His book reveals infinite research into detail and background. But he is also a man with an inquiring mind and the happy knack of picking out the little things that make life so interesting.

Any book about history is bound to be dull in spots. But Mr. MacGregor is of that kind of Canadian writer, and let's have a few more of them, who brightens his dates and his places with anecdotes.

He examines the Peace River country from the times of the explorers and fur traders, through the gold seekers to the settlers and right to the present.

As a matter of fact he goes into the future. He writes of pioneers of the Peace, now gray-headed, in whose time such things as autos, airplanes, radios, television, neon lights and the atom bomb have been created. As he

says, half a lifetime past, the Peace River country was remote and isolated, the great flyway of the Canada Goose. Today it is a flyway of peace. Tomorrow will it be the flyway of war?

The past was different. So were the people. MacGregor tells of the Edmonton Bulletin reporting on July 20, 1896, that only four settlers in the Peace River country had accepted government seed after a heavy frost ruined seed crops. They did not accept because of fear it would have "bound them in some way".

There was the big land boom. People bought lots in townships sight unseen. MacGregor tells the story of one chap who went to Dunvegan to look at his property. It was on a hillside rising 70 degrees from the horizontal. When he got back to Edmonton somebody asked if he had lived on it. The man said, no, but he had leaned against it.

And there were the Klondikers, who saw Edmonton and the Peace River Country as the poor man's route to the Yukon. It was the most expensive. Many paid with their lives.

They tried fantastic ways of getting there. Some took off with pack horses, others walked alone, some used dogs and some went pulling handcarts.

One party constructed a steam-driven sleigh. The driving wheel was a steam drum weighing 370 pounds. Projecting from the drum were steel spikes to give traction. It was christened the "I Will" but should have been called the "I Won't." The furnace was lit, smoke poured from the funnels. The "I Will" moved 200 yards to the cheers of all the curious in Edmonton, then gave up.

Then there was Texas Smith who built a vehicle in which the axels were put through wooden wine barrels. It looked like a contraption that could roll over high land or over muskeg or even float across the streams or along rivers. Smith started out from Edmonton. He dropped a hoop the first mile. Several more in the second mile. In the third mile the barrels fell apart completely. It didn't even get to St. Albert.

There has been a lot of talk about building of the Alaska Highway, which originates at Dawson Creek in the Peace River country. Mr. MacGregor tells of the time in 1905 when two inspectors, a sergeant, corporal and 32 other ranks of the North West Mounted Police, with the help of 60 horses, were ordered to build a road from Fort St. John to the Yukon.

They were to build a wagon road, eight feet wide with rest houses every 30 miles. It was almost an impossibility, but the police never questioned orders. They built 380 miles of road through the wilderness by the fall of 1907. They planned to finish it in 1908. But the government changed its mind, abandoned the project.

There are many more stories wrapped up with history in this book that takes its name from the fabulous character Davis—whose grave overlooks the Peace and the Smoky Rivers—who made a fortune on a stake of 12 feet of land during gold rush days and thus earned his nickname.

Mr. MacGregor has done well with his tip of the hat to the Peace River country—right down to the story that the great fur trade existed largely to supply the demand for felt for beaver hats and not to supply furs as we know them. The beaver skins, trapped all over America, were sold by the pound to the felt-makers and not to furriers.

The Sterling Area. An American Analysis. Prepared under the direction of John M. Cassels, Director, Research and Statistics Division, European Co-operation Administration, Special Mission to the United Kingdom, London, 1951. \$3 00.

During recent years nearly all economists—to say nothing of the journalists—have had something to say on the exchange problems of the sterling area. The latest and in some ways the best study on the subject has been made under the direction of a graduate of the University of Alberta, John M. Cassels, Director, Research and Statistics Division, European Co-operation Administration, Special Mission to the United Kingdom.

No doubt some members of the University staff, and many of the graduates, will remember the Cassels family and in particular the two brothers John and William. John Cassels was born at Stirling in Scotland, and came out with his parents to a homestead in Alberta. The family afterwards moved into Calgary, and still later to Edmonton. His brother studied medicine, practiced for awhile in the province, and is now in California. John Cassels himself chose to take up

economics. He was, Dr. MacGibbon says, the most brilliant student who ever passed through his hands. He was also one of the best all round students ever to attend the University, making a name for himself as debater, Gateway editor, and Rugby player. After graduating in 1924 he went on as Rhodes Scholar to Oriel College, Oxford.

Cassels was on the debating team in 1923-24, the first year that Alberta won the inter-varsity debates. That was the year too when Professor A. F. McGoun of the Department of Political Economy donated the now famous McGoun Cup for this debating contest—possibly doing so in a flush of enthusiasm over having such an excellent debater in his own Department. In those days the graduating class was treated to a Valedictory Address which used to be printed later in *Evergreen and Gold*. John Cassels was chosen as valedictorian for his class. His speech was a good, but not unusual specimen of its kind, with the inevitable quotations from Isaac Newton and Wordsworth. But then, few of us care to be reminded of our youthful idealism.

Upon his return from Oxford in 1927 Cassels joined the staff in Political Economy where during his stay of three years he was an able and popular teacher. In 1930 he married Gladys Sorenson, also an Alberta graduate. They now have two sons. From Alberta Cassels went to Harvard, at which he secured two fellowships and combined teaching with study for his doctorate, which he duly received in 1934. His thesis was awarded the Wells Prize offered for the best thesis of the year in economics and was published as *A Study of Fluid Milk Prices* in the series of Harvard Economic Studies. Since then he has published many articles, in one of which he crossed swords with the eminent Cambridge economist Professor Pigou. After receiving his degree he remained at Harvard until 1938 as an assistant professor of Economics.

Since leaving Harvard he has had an outstanding career as economist and public servant, holding one high executive position after another. After a period at St. Stephen's College, Missouri, he was successively in the office of Price Administration, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the War Food Administration, and U.N.R.R.A. The variety sounds bewildering, but there was a consistency beneath it all, since Cassels has always been the economist rather than the administrator. During 1946-48 he was chief of the British Commonwealth Division, Office of International Trade, U.S. Department of Commerce, and since that time has held his present important post, from which he directed the preparation of the book under review. In 1940 he became a naturalized U.S. citizen. His permanent home address is 1006 Highland Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland.

And now for the book itself. It is, of course, hardly likely to become light bedside reading even for the economist. For

one thing it weighs five pounds. Then again, it is not meant to entertain, but to deal in scholarly fashion with a big subject. The sterling area today includes all the commonwealth countries (except Canada), the colonial empire, together with Eire, Burma, Iraq and Iceland. Within the area lives a quarter of the world's population, and they carry on a quarter of the world's international trade. Their common bond is that they all use the British pound to settle their accounts with each other and with the rest of the world.

The volume is divided into three parts. Part II is a detailed analysis of the economies of the member countries. Part III is a similar analysis of the main commodities which enter into sterling area trade. These two parts make an excellent reference work, clearly and simply written, a model of what such work should be but seldom is.

Part I, however, is more general and more likely to be read (and it can be read) by the layman. It is at once a summary of and an introduction to the rest of the volume. It considers the composite sterling economy as a whole, its relations with the dollar area, its main problems, and the post-war policies. E.C.A. might be well advised to publish this part separately, to try to ensure for it a wide circulation, especially in Canada and the United States.

One might say that the E.C.A. office in London was set up in 1948 to watch over the use made of U.S. dollar "aid" to Britain. This volume is in a sense a record of what the team under John Cassels have learned in that time. The book is factual, avoiding mere opinions, and is thus a valuable and reliable documentary record, putting together a mass of information which can be found nowhere else so conveniently and clearly set out.

If you ask what the book attempts to do, the answer is simple. Here are all the facts, the basic information, indispensable for any solution of the sterling-dollar problem. No solution is offered, except indirectly—nor can it be without entering the realms of political controversy—but all the conditions for a solution are presented.

Perhaps a brief remark on the controversial side may not be amiss. The sterling area as a whole has strict exchange control, since the international accounts cannot be balanced while sterling-dollar trade is so out of balance. The question arises, can these restrictive controls really be lifted? What would be the consequences of doing so, e.g., in terms of unemployment in Britain? Another facet of the same question: can the sterling area live within its means without dollar aid?

Now these questions are exceedingly tough, and a useful answer can hardly be given in a few words. So much depends on one's political views and sympathies. Some people would scrap the whole set of controls forthwith, i.e., they advocate complete convertibility, without regard to the sacrifices that would ensue, the immediate drop in the standard of living of the sterling area, and the human suffering involved. Such people usually argue that the suffering would be only temporary.

Yet it is hard counsel, and comes especially ill from Canadians and Americans, enjoying as they do a standard of living higher than anything the earth has ever seen.

The choices are not put bluntly in John Cassel's book, but they are plain enough to the careful reader. Either sterling exchange restrictions will continue indefinitely, no matter how much they may offend the doctrinaire "free traders"; or North America must continue to give away dollars (i.e., help support the sterling area on a pension); or a way must be found by which the sterling area can sell more goods in the dollar countries. The last is of course the best solution, failing which the sterling area may be driven more and more to seek self-sufficiency within its own boundaries or (*horribile dictu*) seek to trade with Iron Curtain countries.

Finally, a word on the actual format of the book. The entire volume is lavishly illustrated, with many coloured charts and diagrams and is supported by innumerable statistical tables. The paper, printing, binding are all of the highest quality. Clearly the volume has been put out with no expense spared. Only generous subsidies could make it available at such a low price as \$3.

—H. B. MAYO.

A Summer School in the Arts

The Banff School of Fine Arts was established by the University through the department of extension at Banff in 1933 as a summer school in the Arts related to the Theatre. Today it offers a wide selection of courses in Art, Music, Drama, Handicrafts, and Oral French.

Trail Blazers



Dr. L. P. V. Johnson '31, '33

Some day there may be growing on the fertile coast land of Syria, fields of barley, wheat, and flax developed from Alberta seeds. That is the hope of Dr. L. P. V. Johnson, the University's professor of genetics and plant breeding, who left early in January to accept a post as plant breeder and botanist with a U.N. mission to Syria.

Dr. Johnson will be a member of a team of twenty experts who will enter Syria at that country's request, to begin a four-year program designed to improve the standard of living. The program is an attempt to increase production and stabilize population, and work with the local government, training selected native personnel to take over at the end of the four-year period.

Leroy Johnson grew up on a farm at Stavely, Alberta, and attended the Claresholm School of Agriculture. He entered the University of Alberta in 1927, graduating with a B.Sc. in 1931 and an M.Sc. in 1933. He went to the State College of Agriculture at Pullman, Washington, on a scholarship, and obtained

British Universities In 1952

By W. H. JOHNS

THE Canadian visitor to the United Kingdom who expects to find the universities there in a pessimistic mood as a result of a combination of war damage, inadequate facilities, and the general economic problems of the country, is likely to be pleasantly surprised. There can have been few times in history when these institutions were in better spirit and more eagerly looking forward to making an increased contribution to the national life. This spirit of optimism is evident in the great University of London and in the older universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but it is strongest in such provincial universities as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bristol.

There are a number of causes of this phenomenon, but the two chief reasons are the increased support from the Government through the University Grants committee and the increasing numbers of able students who are being brought to the universities by means of Government scholarships and bursaries.

The University Grants committee was formed in 1919 "to inquire into the financial needs of University Education in the United Kingdom, and to advise the Government as to the application of any grants that may be made by Parlia-

his Ph.D. in 1935. Opportunities were not plentiful in the thirties and after various temporary jobs he worked his way east on a cattle train, finally got a job as a research associate at McGill at \$60 a month. From there he went to the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa for two years, and then to the staff of the National Research Council as a geneticist. For the next nine years he was in charge of the Research Council's Plant Section, which is mainly concerned with forest tree breeding. Following this he spent a year as associate professor at the University of Florida, another year at Pullman and then to Alberta as professor of genetics and plant breeding in the department of plant science.

On his new assignment he flew first to London, then to Rome, headquarters of the U.N. mission, to be briefed on his duties. Mrs. Johnson and their son, Bob, and small daughter Elaine, went with him as far as Ottawa, and hope to accompany him later to Syria where a Swedish prefabricated house is to be ready for them by summer. Dr. Johnson has leave of absence from the University for one year and is not yet decided as to whether he will remain with the U.N. mission for the full four years. He is taking with him in his luggage fifty kinds of Alberta seeds, among them barley, wheat, sunflowers, beans, and flax, and feels that some of these strains may prove adaptable to Syrian conditions.

Dr. Johnson has published many works on plant breeding and has done pioneer work in such things as the use of "colchicine". We are sure that in his work in Syria he will turn his adaptability, independence of mind, and sound scholarship to good account.

ment towards meeting them". About the same time there was organized the Association of Universities of the British Empire (now Commonwealth) with headquarters in London and with a central executive committee comprising most of the Vice-Chancellors and Principals in the United Kingdom. So far as British university financial problems are concerned, this committee has regularly worked with, and provided expert advice for, the University Grants committee.

In the first year of its operation, 1919-20, the U.G.C. disbursed a total of £916,000 to British Universities. By 1939-40 the amount had grown to £2,224,000. Following World War II, the Government set up a committee on Scientific Manpower, known more commonly as the Barlow committee, and in May, 1946, this committee recommended doubling the number of students graduating in Science and Technology with a proportionate increase in Arts. The actual increase for all full-time students in Britain was from about 50,000 in 1938-39 to about 85,000 in 1950-51, so the objective of the Barlow committee for science students must have come close to realization.

This was not accomplished without a great deal of assistance from the Government, and the estimate of actual grants made through the U.G.C. for the five-year period from 1947 to 1952 was £90,000,000, made up of about £64,000,000 for current costs and about £26,000,000 for capital charges. For the next quinquennium it was recently estimated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would budget for approximately £111,750,000 for current expenses alone, covering two-thirds or more of total university costs. When it is realized that most students in the universities are assisted by Government scholarships and that local authorities also contribute to university expenses, it will be obvious that the universities of the United Kingdom are in a very strong fiscal position indeed in spite of the drastic increases in their costs.

Figures for the University of Manchester will illustrate how a typical provincial university has been affected by these changes. In 1915 there were about 1,500 students at this university, each costing about £60 of which about £15, or one quarter, was paid by the Government. After World War I the number of students rose to 2,500 and the cost to about £100 with about £33 coming from the Government. Recently the numbers have climbed to about 5,000, costing about £200 each, with the Government contributing nearly three quarters, or £150 per student. Staff numbers have risen more rapidly in proportion than student numbers and the staff-student ratio rose from 1:12 in 1915 to 1:10 in 1951. Two factors undoubtedly contributing to this change of ratio have been the increasing emphasis on science and technology and the increasing number of graduate students and students engaged in research. Changes like these at the University of Man-

Dr. Walter H. Johns, Dean of Arts and Science at the University of Alberta, and up until recently Assistant to the President, comes well prepared to elaborate on **British Universities in 1952**.

Assisted by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, Dr. Johns recently spent two months in England where he met a number of leaders in higher education, visited several universities there, and studied at first hand their administrative methods, organization into departments, schools, faculties and colleges, their activities in extramural studies, adult education, technical education, museums, galleries, and libraries.

chester have taken place in all the universities in Britain over the last thirty years with the larger proportion of increase in such smaller universities as those of Sheffield and Southampton and smaller rates of increase in the large and ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The estimates for capital expansion have been equally impressive and have been largely devoted to new buildings for science and technology and new facilities for residence. The University of Bristol, for instance, is building a new Engineering school costing over £760,000 with further facilities for veterinary science costing approximately £175,000. New residential halls, many of them for women students, are being constructed at Durham, Hull, Leicester, Wye, North Staffordshire, Nottingham, Sheffield, Southampton, Aberystwyth, Bangor, St. Andrew's, and Dundee. Liverpool has a new building for nuclear physics housing a huge cyclotron, new chemistry laboratories, a new medical school, and new buildings for veterinary science and civic design. Over a million pounds is being spent on new buildings at Oxford and even more at Cambridge. The fact that the Government is allocating such quantities of scarce building materials to universities provides plenty of evidence of the importance attached by everyone in the United Kingdom to the work of their universities.

In spite of the emphasis given to the regular work of the universities in teaching and research, there are also evidences of stirring activity in higher education in other closely allied fields. Extension services of all kinds are being carried on almost everywhere, but some universities are especially noted for their efforts in this direction. The University of London, in addition to the 18,000 students enrolled in its constituent colleges, had 27,000 enrolled as candidates for external degrees and a vast number of others studying under special lecturers in programs of adult education. These are chiefly in the metropolitan area of London itself, but extend out into parts of Essex and Hertfordshire. Many of the courses, covering such subjects as art, literature, current affairs, and economics, are offered in co-operation with the Workers' Educational Association which is active not only in London, but over the whole of Britain. The University of Glasgow has an active program of evening classes in the University itself, a Summer School in French held each year in Paris, and co-operates with the other Scottish universities in offering short courses in a former country mansion near Edinburgh. The University of Liverpool has a similar centre in the country at Burton Manor exclusively for adult education.

One independent institution of this kind deserves special mention. It is the Bonar Law Memorial College at Ashridge, near Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire, about thirty miles from London. This lovely country home, built about one hundred and fifty years ago by the Earl of Bridgewater, was purchased for this purpose by Mr. Urban Broughton and turned over to a trust which today administers it as a College of Citizenship and a centre for week-end and short courses for adults. The short courses may deal with industrial relations, business management, crime prevention, or modern art, and may be taken by business executives or by anyone free to attend them. Its value as a centre of adult education is very great indeed.



Entrance Hall, Main Buildings, University of Bristol

The increase in size and the extension of activities in British universities in the last few years have been accompanied by careful study of new methods and new areas of study. Nearly every university has had committees at work exploring new methods of handling old problems and other committees reporting on new ways in which they can render valuable public service. The University of Manchester has recently developed radically new methods of clinical teaching and research in medicine, has established a new School of education, expanded its teaching and research in the social sciences, and done pioneer work in cosmic ray research and in radio astronomy. Birmingham has developed a graduate school in engineering production in addition to a Shakespearian research institute at Stratford-on-Avon. Other institutions have their own fields of endeavour.

Within the last three years an entirely new University College has been opened at Keele Hall in North Staffordshire which is frankly experimental in a number of ways. There had been numerous requests from various points in Britain for the establishment of new University Colleges, but the University Grants Committee took the stand that it would be wiser to expand existing colleges and universities and that a new institution could only be justified if it were experimental in nature. To implement this idea, they chose Keele Hall as the site and allocated the necessary funds to assist in setting up the University College of North Staffordshire. Lord Lindsay, former Master of Balliol College, Oxford, was appointed Principal and the Universities of Oxford, Birmingham, and Manchester joined in sponsoring it. The curriculum is different from that of any existing institution in that it seeks to provide a course of studies in which the humanities, social sciences, mathematics, and the experimental sciences all have a part. To quote from the calendar:

"The object of the first year's studies is to develop in the student, at the outset, some appreciation of the nature and inter-connexion of the main branches of University studies."

Following this first year of "Foundation Studies", the students spend three more years electing two or three principal subjects to which they give intensive study and a number of subsidiary subjects to be studied less intensively. Narrow specialization, so common in other universities, is thus carefully avoided. Certain students may elect to carry, along with their regular studies, a program in either education or social work sufficient to permit them to obtain certification as teachers or social workers. The staff are enthusiastic about the program and so are the students, though they have, so far, only completed two years of the program and the first class will not graduate until 1954.

British universities today are alive with new plans and new ideas and, with the full support of the Government, are looking forward to a period in which new advances in research and teaching will be made with a consequent increase in their contribution to the life of the nation.





Open Letter To Whiskeyjack . . .

Dear Jack:

This is a note of adieu. We're genuinely sorry that you find it impossible to give us more of the choice titbits that have charmed this column over the several years.

Yours was the canny knack of divulging fresh information about the FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY without great labour and waste of space. To the small fire at your feet you were the first to bring pine boughs, coax a spark to a blaze, then watch the pitch of enthusiasm burn brightly and steadily.

Today the FRIENDS are campaigning with fresh heart. We're looking for another of your species to act as their harbinger far and wide.

In the meantime, good pickings, and may whatever rewards come to birds of your feather be many and just.

—THE EDITOR.

NEW FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

H. Fazackerley, Edmonton, Alberta.
 D. Don Delzen, Edmonton, Alberta.
 Douglas Jones, Edmonton, Alberta.
 Morris T. Riback, Calgary, Alberta.
 R. R. Calef, Calgary, Alberta.
 Mr. Witten (Witten's Dept. Store), Edmonton.
 Meyer Sheckter, Edmonton, Alberta.
 Rodney Pike, Edmonton, Alberta.
 Dr. Herbert E. Morris, Texas.
 Norman R. Legge, Kentucky.
 Mrs. Elaine M. Catley, Calgary.

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscriptions.—Ed.

* * * *

Facts About the Faculties

The Faculty of Medicine at the University of Alberta had its beginning as a department of instruction in 1913. A grant of half a million dollars from the Rockefeller Foundation permitted expansion of the work of this department until it became a Faculty under Dean A. C. Rankin. The first students in Medicine completed their clinical years at other universities, graduating mainly from McGill and Toronto. The first to complete their work at Alberta took the degree of M.D. in 1925.

The Faculty of Law began in 1912 when power to recommend candidates for the degree of LL.B. was given, but it was not until 1926 that it became a full Faculty under the late Dean J. A. Weir.

The Faculty of Arts and Science, which formed the original nucleus of the University, received full status when the late Professor W. A. R. Kerr was appointed Dean in 1914.

The Faculty of Engineering had its beginning in the department of Civil Engineering which became the nucleus of the Faculty of Applied Science in 1913. It achieved full status when Professor Boyle was appointed Dean in 1921. The Faculty name was changed from Applied Science to Engineering as of July 1, 1948.

Recent Marriages

R. S. Bentley to **Sylvia Rowan** '45.
 W. H. Tye to **June McCutcheon** '48.
 Nelson J. R. Norton to **Gwendolyn R. Caverhill** '46.
James Ivan Boras '51 to Marie Clara Imholte.
 Douglas Simmonds to **Lorne E. Wright** '50.
T. Alfred Peterson '50 to Sheila Louise McGugan.

The Medical Pepys

By E. P. SCARLETT

Samuel Pepys is one of the best known figures in English history, and like so many others whose names are household words, his fame rests on the incongruous turn which time perversely gives to the annals of man. Instead of being remembered as the father of the British navy, a title to which he has some claim, the world knows him as the author of a quaint and garrulous diary. I have been re-reading this diary lately which along with the papers of James Boswell is among the most extraordinary pieces of self-revelation which we possess.

To correct the popular impression and thus to appreciate more fully the incomparable diary, a miracle among books, we must remind ourselves that Pepys was one of the most respected men of his time (1633-1703). Secretary of the Admiralty Board, President of the Royal Society, an eloquent public speaker, a man of keen intelligence and great practical sagacity, he possessed an endless zest for life in all its aspects and an unflagging intellectual curiosity. Above all else, unlike most of us, he was on terms of the utmost and most engaging frankness with himself. The result was that when he sat down to write of himself the product is a work of art. It should also not be forgotten that beside the diary there is another memorial to the singular personality of the man—the library which he began to collect when he was still under thirty, which subsequently grew to a great collection containing many treasures and which on Pepys's death was left to Magdalene College at Cambridge. On the front of this library today is inscribed the sentence from Cicero which Pepys chose as his motto: *Mens cuiusque is est quisque—The mind makes the man*. Thus it is a man of stature with a unique talent amounting almost to genius whose spirit reveals itself in the diary and whose strange fate it is to be known to posterity with an almost indecent familiarity.

The diary itself written in MS. of six volumes in a shorthand of Pepys's own contriving covers a period of some ten years and remained unnoticed in the library of Magdalene College until 1825 when it was deciphered by Rev. John Smith and a large portion of it published with notes by Lord Braybrooke. An enlarged edition by the President of Magdalene, Mynors Bright appeared in 1875 and the definitive edition containing all but a few passages of the original was published in 1893 in nine volumes by H. B. Wheatley, the well-known antiquarian. Whether Pepys ever intended his diary to be published can be discussed endlessly. Surely the strangest thing in the whole strange chronicle is the way in which posterity has adopted it. Pepys himself who, to use his own quaint expression, was always *with child to see any strange thing*, were he to return today would in all probability be artlessly proud of his notoriety.

The name "Pepys" evokes immediate interest, and a glimmer of the medical past as recorded by this eminent diarist makes for special reading. We are grateful to Chancellor E. P. Scarlett for *The Medical Pepys* which appeared in a recent issue of the *Historical Bulletin* issued quarterly by the Calgary Associated Clinic in conjunction with its medico-historical meetings.

To know what the world was like in the past one must go to the contemporary diarists, and here Pepys is supreme. His diary gives a remarkable picture of the Restoration period. Not the least interesting are the medical passages. There is the graphic day-to-day description of the Great Plague of 1665-66 when Pepys showed great moral courage in remaining at his post after sending his family into the country. There are many casual sidelights on the medical customs of the time. Pepys himself "was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court" on March 26, 1658 (he was then twenty-five years of age) and thereafter celebrated the day as a solemn festival. Later the Lord punishes him (in his own words) by affecting him with Bell's palsy. Periodically he developed something resembling an ileus at which times numbers of his female friends sent him prescriptions for enemata. He records doctors good, bad and (most of all) indifferent. He was finally obliged to give up writing his diary because of trouble with his eyes. (It has been suggested by modern ophthalmic surgeons that he probably suffered from irido-cyclitis). He was afflicted as well with a mild epididymitis whenever he sat for a time with his legs carelessly crossed (he describes this affectation in somewhat less than polite terms). All his life he suffered from what he terms *colds*. But he lived to a good old age for his time—the proverbial three score and ten years—and post-mortem examination showed little more significant than a cluster of renal calculi in the left kidney.

There follow some entries from the diary dealing with medical matters. These give something of the flavour of the man and a glimpse of the one incomparable diarist.

Blessed be God, at the end of the last year, I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold.—1659-60.

Then my wife and I, it being a great frost, went to Mrs. Jem's in expectation to eat a sack-posset, but Mr. Edward not coming, it was put off; and I left my wife playing at cards with her, and went myself to Mr. Fage, to consult concerning my nose, who told me it was nothing but a cold.—Jan. 5, 1659-60.

To Mrs. Jem, and found her up and merry, as it did not prove the small-pox, but the swine-pox; so I played a game or two at cards with her.—Jan. 13, 1659-60.

Rode to Huntsmore to Mr. Bowyer's, where I found him, and all well, and willing to have my wife come and board with them while I was at sea. Here I lay, and took a spoonful of honey and a nutmeg, scraped for my cold, by Mr. Bowyer's direction.—March 12, 1660.

This day it is two years since it pleased God that I was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court; and did resolve while I live to keep it a festival, as I did the last year at my house, and forever to have Mrs. Turner and her company yith me. But now it pleased God that I am prevented to do it openly; only within my soul I can and do rejoice, and bless God, being at this time, blessed be His holy name, in as good health, as ever I was in my life.—March 26, 1660.

To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banqueting-house.—June 23, 1660.

This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the smallpox, by the great negligence of the doctors.—Sept 13, 1660.

About the middle of the night I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much—and so I was forced to call the mayde, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock.—Dec. 27, 1660.

Took Mr. Holliard to the Greyhound, where he did advise me above all things, both as to the stone and the decay of my memory (of which I now complain to him) to avoid drinking often, which I am resolved, if I can, to leave off.—Jan. 18, 1660-61.

My wife come home, and she had her teeth new done by La Roche, and are indeed now pretty handsome, and I was much pleased with it—March 11, 1661.

This is my great day that three years ago I was cut of the stone, and, blessed be God, I do yet find myself very free from pain again.—March 26, 1661.

To Whitehall by water from Towre-wharfe, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronacion. Met my Lord with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-House, and there saw the King heale, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one.—April 13, 1661.

Myself in good health, but mighty apt to take cold, so that this hot weather I am fain to wear a cloth before my stomach.—June 30, 1661.

Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and neck, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again.—Jan. 1, 1661-62.

Lord's Day.—My cold being increased, I staid at home all day, pleasing myself with my dining-room, now graced with pictures, and reading of Dr. Fuller's Worthys; so I spent the day. This day, by God's mercy, I am twenty-nine years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any in the world, for which God be praised So to prayers and to bed.—Feb. 23, 1661-62.

Mr. Holliard come to me, and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full of blood, and very good I begun to be sick; but, lying upon my back, I was presently well again, and did give him 5s. for his pains. After dinner, my arm tied with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting upon us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's, do begin to wear new livers; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all.—May 4, 1662

Had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face as I now do my chin, and so save time, which I find a very easy way, and gentile. She also washed my feet with a bath of herbes, and so to bed.—May 31, 1662.

To see Mr Moore, who recovers well; and his doctor coming to him—one Dr. Merritt—we had some of his very good discourse of anatomy and other things, very pleasant—Oct. 19, 1662.

This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago, for the cutting of the stone, very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits, and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchoves, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content.—April 4, 1663

Twelfth Day—This morning I began a practice which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razor: which pleases me mightily.—Jan. 6, 1663.

My little girle Susan is fallen sick of the meazles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlett feavour.—Nov. 10, 1664

Now mighty well, and truly I can but impute it to my fresh hare's foote.—Jan. 21, 1664-65.

Home to supper, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb and wash my eares—Jan. 24, 1664-65.

This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and shaw, which took away the apprehension—June 7, 1665.

I do end this month with the greatest content, and may say that these last three months, for joy, health, and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received all my life in any twelve months, having nothing upon me but the consideration of the sickness of the season to mortify me.—Sept. 30, 1665.

To church, it being thanksgiving-day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord how the town do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there being some people still ill of it, but only to get ground for plays to be publickly acted, which the Bishops would not

suffer till the plague was over; and one would think so, by the suddenness, of the notice given of the day, which was last Sunday, and the little ceremony.—Nov. 20, 1666.

This morning I was let blood, and did blood about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes. —July 13, 1668.

And the last entry in the diary:

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than it fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!—May 31, 1669.

* * * *

CHARLES LAMB HAS A COLD

Charles Lamb (1175-1834), critic and essayist, had been for thirty years a clerk at the East India House in London when he wrote the following letter describing a long bout with the common cold. His *Elia: Essays*, on which his reputation mainly depends, were published during the previous year. This account of his affliction is taken from the *Letters of Charles Lamb*, 1837.

January 9th, 1824.

Dear B. B.: Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-more—"a whoreson lethargy," Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do anything or to be anything; a total deadness and distaste; a suspension of vitality; an indifference to locality; a numb, soporifical good-for-nothingness; an ossification all over; an oysterlike insensibility to the passing events; a mind-stupor; a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes?

This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demisheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I acknowledge life at all only by an occasional convulsional cough and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest.

I am weary of the world; life is weary of me. My day has gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick has a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it out. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me; 'tis twelve o'clock, and Thirtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection.

If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, "Will it?" I have not volition enough left to dot my i's, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub Street attic to let—not so much as a joint-stool or a cracked jordan left in it; my hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their

heads are off. Oh, for a vigorous fit of gout, colic, toothache!—an ear-wig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs!

Pain is life—the sharper the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unremitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities; but they only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come late o' nights, but do not find visible amendment.

Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

University Leaders

The University of Alberta has profited greatly from the leadership of a number of eminent men. Mr. Justice Stuart, first Chancellor of the University, served for eighteen years in that office until his death on March 5, 1926. His unexpired term was filled out by Mr. Justice Beck who was succeeded in April, 1927, by Dr. A. C. Rutherford, first premier of the province, and author of the original act establishing the University. Dr. Rutherford died in June, 1941, and was succeeded by Mr. Justice Ford of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Alberta, who finished the unexpired term of his predecessor and held a further term under the new act of 1942. He was succeeded in 1946 by Dr. G. Fred McNally, formerly Deputy Minister of Education in the Government of Alberta, who held office throughout his statutory term of six years and retired as Chancellor on May 31, 1952. Dr. Earle P. Scarlett was elected Chancellor in July, 1952.

Registration of first year engineering students at Canadian universities was 34% higher in 1952 than 1951 according to an annual survey recently completed by the Engineering Institute of Canada.

This survey indicates that 2,865 first year students registered in engineering courses for 1952-53 as compared to 2,105 for 1951-52 and 1,874 for 1950-51. The percentage increase in 1951 was 14%, so that there are now approximately 50% more students taking first year engineering than there were two years ago.

For the first time in some years enrollment of engineering students in all years is up from the previous year by a small margin and the total registration is 8,230.

The number in the graduating classes is again lower than a year ago and amounts to 1,357, which is more than 20% less than the number registered in 1951-52. A still further reduction is forecast for the 1954 graduating class, but in 1955 a small increase may be expected.

The relative proportion of total registration in different courses continues to show little change from previous years.

An International Summer School

BY DOUGLAS J. SHERBANIUK

STUDENTS from a host of lands gathered together for the twenty-third time last summer to attend lectures in private and public international law at the Hague Academy of International Law. Since its opening in July, 1923, the school has ranked amongst the foremost institutes for higher international studies, and has enjoyed increasing success from year to year, except for the interruption due to the tragedy of the recent war.

The courses consist of fundamental lectures on the history and the general principles of international law, together with a certain number of special courses dealing with topics selected from vital juridical problems of particular timeliness. For example, last year special consideration was given to Supranational Organization in Europe, the European Community of Coal and Steel, and the Council of Europe. To round out the academic program, opportunity is given to the student body to discuss and interrogate at seminars conducted by the lecturers. To persevering students who have regularly attended classes, a Certificat D'Assiduité is granted.

A managing board assisted by a financial committee is in charge of the administration of the Academy, while academically, a Curatorium consisting of twelve members selected from different countries supervises the school.

Since the five hundred-odd students represent such a diversity of interests, scrupulous care is taken to be impartial, and to avoid any offence to natural susceptibilities of any nation. It is hoped that lasting friendly academic intercourse will more easily disseminate and develop international law.

Although not directly associated with the Hague Academy, the International Court of Justice is but a stone's throw from the lecture room, and when in session, supplements the theoretical instruction in international law by practical demonstration.

The court-room in the Peace Palace is a majestic chamber, thickly carpeted and hung with gigantic crystal chandeliers. The chairs and gallery-seats, however, are as unyielding as those in any court-room. When the court is sitting, only those laymen holding special passes may attend the sessions.

It was my good fortune to be present at the school, from July 14 to August 9, when the Court's decision regarding its jurisdiction in the Anglo-Iranian dispute was delivered. Judgment was given on July 22nd. On that day, of such great importance to many, particularly on the other side of the Atlantic, the court-room



A graduate in Arts '50 from the University of Alberta and a third year student in law, Doug Sherbaniuk is well qualified to comment on **An International Summer School**. Complementary to his three month tour across Europe last summer, was his appointment in 1949, as one of two Canadians, to carry out on the job training at Lake Success for U.N.S.C.C.U.R. (United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources) as assistant conference officer.

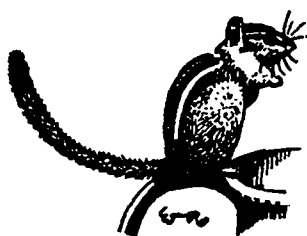
was thronged with pro-British, pro-Iranian and neutral onlookers. Tension mounted as the fourteen judges filed to their seats at the raised dark-stained table. A battery of photographers hastily took their "shots". Then complete silence. As the judge began to read the decision, the tension on the faces of counsel for both parties became increasingly obvious, as they fidgeted in their seats. But even when the opinion was pronounced in favor of Iran, the solemnity of the court-room remained inviolate, and it was not until after the judges had retired that the jubilation of the Iranian representatives, expressed in a mixture of Arabic and French, echoed through the corridors of the great centre of justice.

One of the dissenting opinions in the Anglo-Iranian case was written by Canada's representative at the International Court, Judge Read, who was appointed some five years ago. A very fine tribute was paid to Judge Read by one of the doormen at the Peace Palace, who was deeply grateful to this "kind and generous" Canadian, who had rendered his son such great assistance in emigrating from the Netherlands and establishing himself and his family in eastern Canada.

Equally as valuable as any knowledge derived from the formal lectures at the school was the opportunity to gain some insight into the workings of a well-established international student organization, such as the A.A.A., l'Association des Auditeurs et Anciens Auditeurs de l'Académie de Droit, International de la Haye (the Association of Students and Former Students of the Hague Academy of International Law). The active members of the organization are the present students and former students who apply for membership.

One of the aims of the A.A.A. is to maintain intellectual and fraternal relations amongst the students and to develop in them an international spirit. Unfortunately, this object is not always attained. Last summer, for example, one of the items on the agenda at the first meeting of the A.A.A. council, which is composed of two members from every national group represented at the school, was to elect a board or executive for the following year. After an apparently unanimous selection of the Spanish delegate to fill the position of president, certain members objected that the whole proceeding had been conducted in much too hasty a manner, and demanded another election. This resulted in a victory for the Lebanese delegate. The following forty-five minutes were a chaos of harangue and vitriolic arguments among the supporters of the respective candidates for the presidency. The furor was climaxed by the decision of the Belgian delegate to stalk from the Council Chamber à la Vishinsky. Finally, acting on the suggestion of the American representative, Lt.-Col. Leslie Dixon of World War II fame, the Spanish candidate withdrew from the race, effecting a settlement with as little hard feeling as possible. This exhibition of petty jealousy, intense pride and extreme nationalism resolved with crystal-clarity any questions I had entertained as to how the world situation had developed into such a tragic tangle.

The second aim of the A.A.A., "to facilitate the stay at The Hague of the students of the Academy of International Law," was admirably accomplished. The Association arranged weekly trips in order that students might acquaint themselves with the beautiful natural and artistic sights of the Netherlands. Excursions were made to Arnhem, Delft—the home of world-famous Delft china—and Amsterdam,



the chipmunk

One of the brighter spots in the Christmas entertainment scene is the University's annual concert. So popular has it become that this year it was held in Convocation Hall to accommodate a larger audience. The Symphony Orchestra, the Mixed Chorus, the University Singers, the Music Division Chorus and the University organist, Professor L. H. Nichols, all took part in a program every bit as enjoyable as in previous years. Some little known but delightful Christmas music was offered along with a number of works which though not

particularly "Christmassy" were perfectly suited to the mood of the season, and the audience joined eagerly in the familiar carols.

The Mixed Chorus also had the distinction of being the only collegiate choir to be asked to take part in a nation-wide CBC Christmas Day broadcast, one outstanding choral group from each province being represented.

The Studio Theatre's Miracle Play, originally scheduled for December, was unfortunately postponed, but we hear that it may be presented at Easter. Other spring productions will

where the burgermeister formally welcomed the students at a reception in the town hall. The entire country abounds with picturesque towns, museums and art galleries, affording manifold opportunities for study of the humanities.

Excellent facilities for tennis, golf, swimming and horseback riding were provided, in addition to membership in an exclusive men's club, where the formal balls were held.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure one experiences abroad is meeting friends from home. It was my good fortune, during the summer school, to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Pybus. Bill, a former president of the Students' Union, has been in The Hague for the past twenty months in the capacity of Assistant Trade Commissioner for Canada. He and Vera send their best wishes to all their friends at home, whom they hope to see in the not too distant future.

One of the fondest memories I have of my stay at The Hague is that of the warmth and friendliness of the Dutch people, and particularly of the family with whom I lived. They were not wealthy folk. In the Netherlands, so overcrowded by the influx of Dutch nationals coming home from the former Far Eastern possessions, wages are not high. And yet "my family" spared no pains in opening their home to me. All that they asked in return was assistance at some future time in helping their children come to Canada to live.

The international goodwill that is fostered by this intermingling of foreign peoples—students, lawyers, judges and teachers—meeting together to learn and discuss each other's problems is a healthy growth that bodes well for the pacific settlement of international disputes of the future.

» » Alumni Notes « «

1916

The registrar, who never hesitates to pass on the good word about the hundreds of graduates who write and re-visit him each year, called to say that **Dean H. J. MacLeod**, head of the Faculty of Applied Science, University of British Columbia, had paused recently in Edmonton. The MacLeods (nee **Helen Montgomery '14**) are resident at 1529 Western Crescent, Vancouver.

1917

Jean Margaret Stuart writes that she is still living in California, but for several years has been making three trips a year back to her native land. The little community of Ocean Park, west of White Rock, B.C., is the scene of her activities when she goes home. Her husband,

a native son of California, is buying 80 acres of land in British Columbia so they hope to be living up there before too many years.

1922

Mrs. **Linden Clark**, Martintown, Ontario, was an unexpected visitor to the alumni office last month. After 24 years away from the campus and the city, she felt free to remark that Edmonton is certainly growing up to its wide streets and large house numbers.

1924

An agricultural research worker for many years, **Alfred E. Clarke**, passed away recently. Mr. Clarke made his headquarters at the experimental station, University of Idaho, but established his home at Victoria, B.C.

be "Othello", which will run from February 9th to 14th, and "Death of a Salesman", starting March 9th, "Othello" will be the University's entry in the Provincial drama festival at Lethbridge.

An item of interest to Shakespeare students is the presentation to the English department of an authentic model of an Elizabethan theatre. The model was made by members of the drama society for their Fall production of "Dr. Faustus".

A bursary fund has been established by fellow students in memory of Lawrence Moore, a final year theology student who died on December 21st. It will be used to make an annual grant to assist a deserving theology student to complete his training.

The University's 1952 Rhodes Scholar is David McDonald of Edmonton. In second year law, Mr. McDonald has been active in debating and a wide variety of campus activities. He intends to continue his legal studies at Oxford.

Two faculty members have obtained leave of absence. Dean Bowker of the Law faculty has left to complete post-graduate studies at Yale, and Dr. L. P. V. Johnson of the department of genetics and plant breeding has gone

to Syria as a member of a UN mission. Please see "Trail Blazers" in this issue for story

Mr. Andrew Cairns, a distinguished graduate of the University, who received an honorary LLD at a recent convocation, has resigned his post as Secretary General of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers. Mr. Cairns was Secretary of the International Wheat Council for many years and held his position with IFAP for five years before his resignation last October. He has entered private business as vice-president of Inter-oceanic Commodities Corporation, a concern which has interests in South America, France and the United States

The alumni will be saddened to learn of the death of Dr. Harold Orr, 63, clinical professor of dermatology at the University and president of the Canadian Medical Association.

Dr. Orr was returning from a meeting of the World Medical Association in Athens, Greece, when he was stricken.

This popular member of the University's teaching fraternity came to the campus in 1924. A graduate of the University of Toronto in 1911, Dr. Orr came to Alberta in 1912 and established a medical practise in Medicine Hat. Following World War I he moved to Edmonton where he became prominent in civic affairs.

1926

We had an interesting note recently from the "dark" continent where Kenneth H. Prior represented the U of A. at the Ibadan, the Foundation Day ceremony celebrating the formal opening of new University buildings and the fourth anniversary of the foundation of University College of Ibadan, Nigeria. Kenneth writes that he was very pleased to be able to attend and represent his Alma Mater, "even though in borrowed plumes."

1935

In January, Robert E. Byron was appointed assistant regional director for Alberta Canadian Vocational Training

1937

We are pleased to record the recent promotion of **John C. Garrett** as head of the English department at Canterbury College, University of New Zealand, Christchurch, to Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science at that institution

Mr Garrett was an Alberta Rhodes scholar in 1937 and lectured in English at the U of A in 1940, was married to the former Helen Coates while in England and they now boast three sons.

Margaret G Hegler has taken over duties as dietitian in charge at Mount Hamilton Hospital, Hamilton, Ont.

1938

Mr and Mrs. Alfred Tieseen (nee **Marion Doan**) are the proud parents of a baby boy, James Alfred, born January 1, 1953.

1940

Doris Berry is now script editor for the school broadcast department of the C B C. It may be recalled that Doris a few years back was co-ordinator of school broadcasts for the Alberta Department of Education. She is now resident at 36 Lowghen Avenue, Toronto

Her successor as co-ordinator of school broadcasts in the province is Leslie Gue '47, who in a note to the editor remarked, "I believe that I am up in the air as much as on the air in any given week!"

Newspaper men are notorious for the number of business moves they make in a lifetime and **Andrew Garrett** is no exception. A former city editor with the Calgary Albertan, Mr. Garrett moved progressively from the Edmonton office of the Canadian Press to chief of the Winnipeg office. The Garretts (nee **Lucille Smith** '39) have four children

1942

About a year ago **Norman R. Legge** and his wife (nee **Jean C. Hutton** '41) moved from Sarnia, Ontario, "to the land of Bourbon and fine horses" where he is director of research and development for the Kentucky Synthetic Rubber Corporation. They have been very impressed with the politeness and friendliness of the people of Kentucky and with the ease with which their children (four in number) have acquired "Southern Accents".

1944

Dr Russell Q. Colley is now on the staff of the University Hospital, Edmonton.

Robert R. Wark received his Ph D. recently from Harvard and is instructor in Fine Arts at the same university.

1948

Bruce A. Burgess is Manager of Bell and Morris Limited, Calgary. When last chatting with him he was planning on motoring to California for the winter.

Douglas Nichols has recently been admitted to the British Columbia bar. He received his B Sc from the University of Alberta and his LL B from the University of British Columbia and is practicing in Vancouver.

In a recent letter from **Harold V. Weekes** we note that he has moved from Lansdowne Avenue to 29 Madison Avenue, Toronto. Harold states that the change places him about five blocks from the university. It was encouraging to hear that **The New Trail** serves as excellent propaganda to support his thesis that Toronto is not necessarily the only university in Canada.

1949

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black (nee Marion Puffer) dropped in to say hello over the Christmas recess. Both are teaching school at Vauxhall, Alberta. Jack is in charge of the new elementary school there. Both are keenly interested in the alumni association and indicated that they would be joining the Lethbridge unit.

1952

Mrs. John MacRae (nee **Ruth MacDonald**) is attending a convention of the World Student Christian Federation in Nasrapur, India, and has been chosen to represent the Canadian Students Christian Movement on the executive of the W.S.C.F. at conferences to be held in the

NEWS from the branches

Saskatoon

Unfortunately we had gone to press with the last issue when a newsy branch item arrived from our enthusiastic correspondent Kay Tanner '50 tell us all about a November dinner that "went off smoothly, and though there were fewer than anticipated in attendance, a friendly atmosphere surrounded the group." She went on to say that Mrs. Alan Hodgson (nee Audrey Willson '49) said grace.

Following a short address about alumni activities, cards were enjoyed by the group which included. Professor and Mrs. E. A. McCourt, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Boykovich, Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Fernet, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Goliss, Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Hargarten, H. C. Moss, W. J. Robson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Torchinsky, A. T. Deverall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shemanchuk.

Lethbridge

A youthful graduate in law, James D. Patterson '50, '51, is the newly elected president of the Lethbridge branch of the alumni association.

For his right-hand man he has William A. Nelson, vice-president, and a committee of four to guide the destiny of the branch to the south (Allan Bell, secretary-treasurer; Dr. F. G. Gore-Hickman, Mrs. Charles Virtue, and Peggy Cleveland).

On February 12th Mr. Patterson and his committee were hosts at a supper meeting and social evening held at the Lethbridge Flying Club. A representative of the resident alumni executive was in attendance and brought to the meeting the latest word about the mammoth Homecoming week-end scheduled for later in the month. A strong graduate contingent from the windy city is planning to make the trek back to the campus for the event.

Central Alberta

A pleasant feature of the alumni secretary's work is the travelling afield in the province and visiting alumni on the spot.

Quite by accident we happened to be in Red Deer one night last month and joined with 40 couples who had come to eat, be merry, swap reminiscences, and hear inaugural addresses by incoming president Harry Leggett, Experimental Farm, Lacombe, and Doris Watson, the new secretary.

Good fellowship was the keynote. Along with Alberta, several Alma Maters including those as far removed as McGill and Edinburgh received commendable representation.

Calgary

As yet there isn't an official branch of the alumni operating in the Foothills City, but judging from the interest evidenced at a recent Homecoming planning committee meeting, that day shouldn't be far off.

When the roll call is taken it points up the fact that there are in the neighbourhood of 600 U. of A. graduates resident in Calgary.

A representative group from that number met at the 400 Club in January, and after an excellent steak dinner explored the possibility of fielding a strong team to take in Homecoming-Varsity Guest Weekend.

For their chairman they selected that very able alumni exponent, Dr. L. O. Bradley, now administrator of the General Hospitals' Board with offices in Calgary, and recently moved from Toronto where he did such a first rate job in heading up the alumni unit there.

The last we heard there was a move on foot to stoke up a "special" train. That's the sort of thing we'd like to see become an annual event. Did we hear "two" from Lethbridge? And we know you won't be outdone Medicine Hat!

United States and Europe during the next three years.

Mrs. MacRae was well known on the campus where she represented the International Students Service, U. of A. branch, at the world conference held in Ottawa in 1951. Mr. MacRae, a graduate of the University of Toronto,

was secretary of the Student Christian Movement at the University of Alberta in 1951 and 1952.

Enroute home Mr. and Mrs. MacRae will visit S.C.M. groups and various missions at Rangoon, Burma; Singapore, Jakarta, Manila, Hong Kong and possibly Korea.

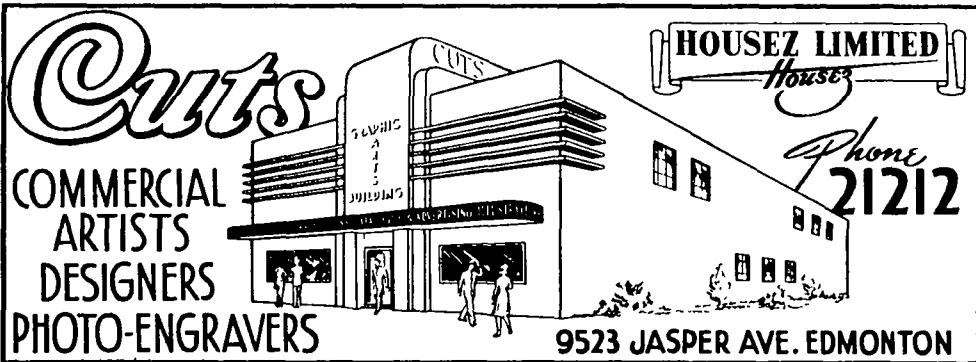
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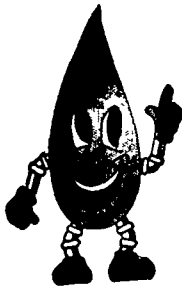
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